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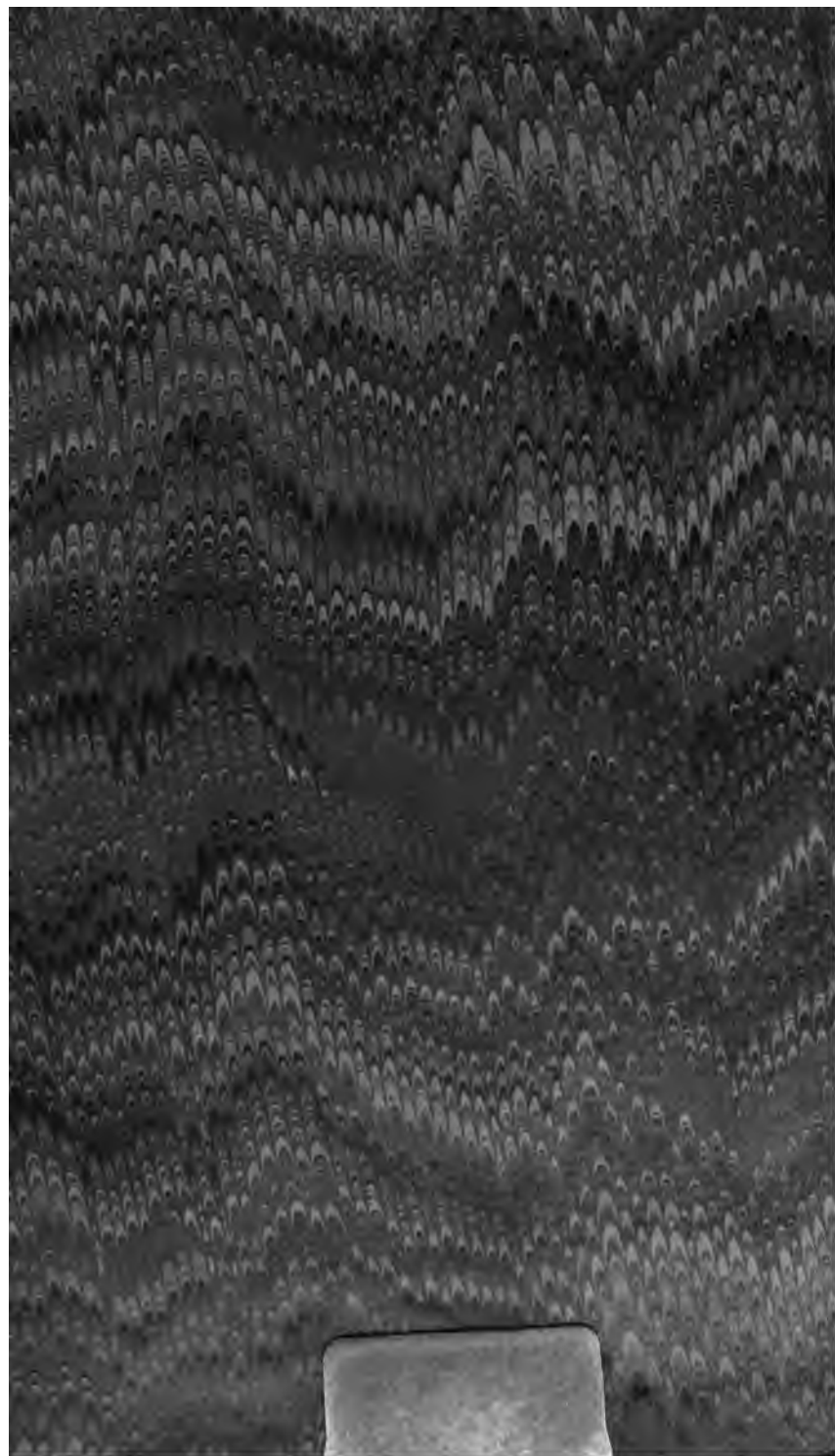
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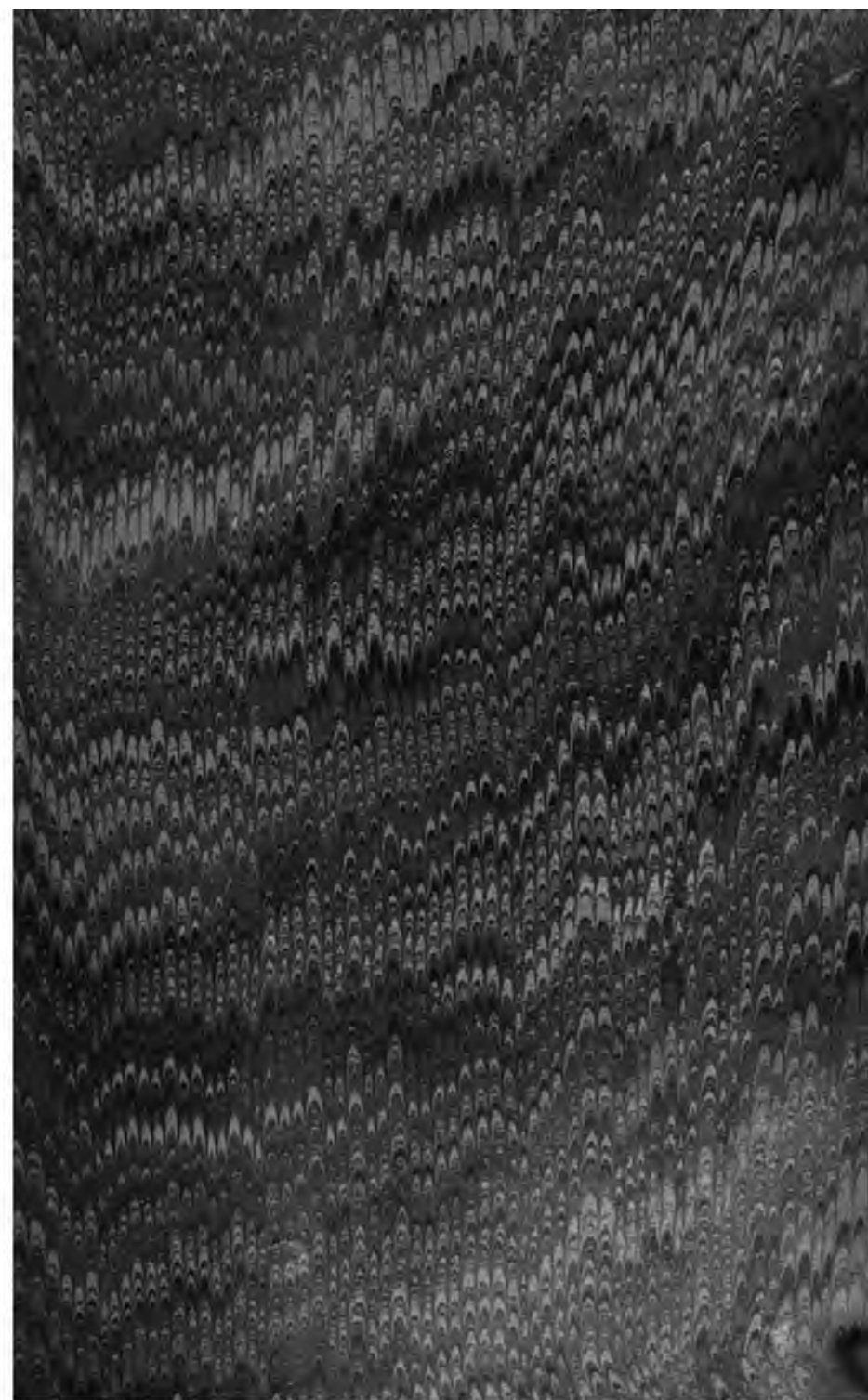
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GATHERED FRAGMENTS

RELATIVE TO

GEORGE DILLWYN.







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Gathered Fragments.



1897



PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. D. A., IPSWICH,

THE LATE GEORGE DILLWYN,  
*son of Stephen Dillwyn*

RESIDENCES:

FROM A SKETCH BY J. COLLINS.  
THE LATE GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.





Gathered Fragments :

BRIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

GEORGE DILLWYN,

OF

*BURLINGTON, WEST NEW JERSEY, NORTH AMERICA.*

"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE, AND I KNOW THEM, AND THEY FOLLOW  
ME."—JOHN X, 27.

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## PREFACE.

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“THE righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

Though the effort has been long delayed, it seems due both to the public and to the individual, not to withhold a few characteristics of the faithful servant of Christ whose name appears on the title page, and whose gospel labours, not only in America, Great Britain, and Ireland, but also on the Continent of Europe, may well claim a place on the historic page. He exhibited an encouraging example of practical religion, having flourished “like the palm tree,” and grown “like a cedar in Lebanon,” still “bringing forth fruit in old age.”

In his 82nd year, with fewer symptoms of bodily or mental decline than are usual at such a period of life, one of those casualties occurred to which humanity is subject, awakening in a wide circle of attached friends lively interest and sympathy. Yet was he graciously permitted to experience that "there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun," that the eternal God was his refuge, and underneath the Everlasting Arms.

The day of final conflict soon came to the sufferer, and no room was left for doubt that his was the happy condition described by the prophet, on which in his vigour he had *especially* delighted to dwell ; that he came *with singing unto Zion*, and everlasting joy upon his head, that he obtained gladness and joy, and that sorrow and mourning fled away.

## GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

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*B* GEORGE DILLWYN was born in Philadelphia on the 26th of the 2nd month, 1738, O.S. His parents were members of the Society of Friends. He was at an early period of life deprived of his father, but the loss was supplied in the qualification graciously vouchsafed by the Shepherd of Israel upon his surviving parent, who, judiciously retaining her affectionate influence upon his youthful mind, watched over him with maternal tenderness, and with deep interest in the welfare of his immortal spirit, and, in the course of time, her pious care was amply rewarded by her son's becoming dedicated to the service of God. He related of himself that when very young, he had often been sensible in our meetings for divine worship of the influence of heavenly love, and the ground which his pious parent had laboured to prepare, being made productive by the heavenly Husbandman, brought forth good fruit.

After experiencing that change of heart known by every



true believer in Christ, he found it required of him to make many changes in his conduct, to relinquish many things in which formerly he had taken delight. He used to be very fond of music, and indulged in playing on a flute ; but he saw it would be right to give it up, so taking his flute with him to a solitary place by the river side, he broke it in pieces. Besides his fondness for amusements, which have strong attractions to the youthful mind, the dangerous tendencies of which he was enabled to see, he appears to have had a strong propensity to vanity in dress, and worldly conformity of other kinds ; but he was strengthened to be faithful to his convictions regarding the use of simple language, and modes of address, and he acknowledged with tenderness, at a late period of his life, that he had derived much benefit, whilst in the indulgence of gay attire, from a kind remonstrance offered on a particular occasion by the well-known Anthony Benezet, and that a compliance with the suggestion of this excellent man proved as an inlet of good to his soul to an extent never before experienced.

George Dillwyn was engaged for some years in mercantile pursuits, but these ended in disappointment and loss ; but such was his integrity, that he carefully retrenched his expenses, so that the circumstances of none were injured by him. Thus, through the renewed visitations of Divine grace, which led him to do justly, to love

mercy, and to walk humbly before the Lord, the strong will of man was subjected to the government of Christ. These outward trials were productive of a blessed effect upon him, and after many preparatory conflicts, he was called to the ministry of the Word about the 28th year of his age.

Endowed with a comprehensive mind, he became, under the sanctifying operation of the Holy Spirit, eminently prepared to promulgate the glad tidings of the gospel of salvation, through Jesus Christ, and largely laboured therein until nearly the end of his lengthened day.

On the 16th of the 10th month, 1759, George Dillwyn was married to Sarah, the daughter of Richard and Deborah Hill. In her early years her parents had quitted America, and settled in Madeira, leaving her behind in her native land. Her union with George Dillwyn was a remarkably happy one, exhibiting, until old age, one continuous interchange of affectionate attentions. Their residence after marriage was at Green Bank, Burlington, and in the year 1770, an excellent sister, Margaret Morris, a sorrowful widow, and her four children, became the joint occupants of their house. In the year 1776, George Dillwyn being some hundred miles from home, and engaged in the service of the gospel, the closely attached sisters were placed in perilous circumstances by the Revolutionary War. Their lonely situation, without a male protector, made no small appeal

upon their courage, and their confidence in the support of the unfailing Arm. The frequent alarms, uncertainty even as to personal safety, and great outward privations, were, as usual in such awful times, the marked features of the day.

On the 28th of the 12th month, 1776, the weather, which had been unfavourable, clearing up in the afternoon, several boats were observed with soldiers and their baggage making up to the wharf. As she looked at them, Margaret Morris thought she saw one who was not strange to her, and, taking a nearer view, found it was the well known face of her beloved brother George Dillwyn. Her kindred heart bade him welcome, though the joy at meeting him was checked by the prospect before and around them. Nearly six months after this, Margaret Morris having left her chamber one morning earlier than usual, the sight of some hundreds of boats with British soldiers filled her with alarm. She hastened to her brother George Dillwyn's room, and begged him to get up. He went to the window, and she waited to hear what he would say, but as he said nothing, she called out to him, "Brother, what shall we do now?" He opened his door, and sweetly and calmly said, "Let us, my sister, keep still and quiet. I believe no harm will happen to us." "And, indeed," observed Margaret Morris, "we were favoured with remarkable stillness; even the children seemed to partake of it."

In the year 1778, two years afterwards, George Dillwyn wrote to his brother, then in England, who towards the middle of the preceding year had, by passport from General Washington, left the troublous scene, "that the same good hand, whose singular interposition he was an admiring witness to, had been again as a shield for their defence and preservation."

The editor of a valuable yet unpublished memoir of the Hill family notices the fact of George Dillwyn's close religious engagements, and of his consequent long absences from home. At such times his wife remained at Green Bank, where, when free from engagements, he also proved "a most consoling inmate to his sister Morris."

In 1784, the sisters separated, George Dillwyn going to England and taking his wife with him.

On the 25th of the 4th month, George and Sarah Dillwyn embarked at Newcastle, in the ship "Commerce," Captain Truxton; the former having a concern to make a religious visit to Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of Europe. They had for companions Thomas Ross, Samuel Emlen and his son Samuel, Rebecca Jones, and Mehetabel Jenkins. A larger ship than the "Commerce" was at first thought of and visited, being also bound for London, when a time of silence was broken by Samuel Emlen, who proclaimed, "Death and Darkness." A response of feeling on the part of his companions, determined a preference for

the "Commerce." The larger vessel, which arrived in London two weeks later, was towed in on her beam ends, the keel being out of the water, the ballast, and whole cargo having shifted in a storm, so that they were unable to right her. The Captain of the "Commerce" distinguished himself by kindness, seeming to appreciate the value of his passengers. It need not be said of these that harmony was in delightful ascendancy. Rebecca Jones, in her journal, gives a graphic picture of their voyage, not forgetting to note the many kindnesses of their mutual friend, nurse, and helper, Sarah Dillwyn, whose skill and active services were called into prominence by the circumstance of several accidents; one of these in particular, to the worthy Thomas Ross, arising from a lee lurch of the ship, required great care and attention.

In the *Memorials of Rebecca Jones*, page 53, (on board the "Commerce," Captain Truxton,) we read :—

"One day, Rebecca Jones, going upon deck, saw George Dillwyn seated in a pensive mood upon the chicken coop (which on ship-board is ordinarily fitted for a seat). He said to her, 'Rebecca, can'st thou keep a secret?' to which she replied, that she was not in the habit of prying into people's secrets, but that she could keep them when entrusted to her. 'Well, then,' said he, 'I think we shall see land next first day.' They were soon joined by all their companions except Thomas Ross, who was con-

fined in his cabin by a hurt. Rebecca Jones, remembering the lonely situation of the latter, went to sit with him.— He accosted her in the same words, querying if she could keep a secret? to which she repeated her former reply. He then expressed the same prospect, that they should see land next first day. On first day morning, 5th month, 23rd, 1784, George Dillwyn rose very early, and standing on the quarter deck, with his arms folded behind him, he called with a firm voice, ‘Land a-head!’ The Captain being still in his berth, hastened up in alarm, and asked who had called ‘Land a-head.’ George, calmly retaining his position, in a few minutes repeated the call. The Captain immediately ordered to the mast-head a man who was noted for distant sight, to keep a look-out; when, after the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, no sign of land could be discovered. The Captain sharply rebuked George Dillwyn for the false alarm, which might, he said, have led to serious consequences. George stood unmoved, and called out in a firm voice, and louder than before, ‘Land ahead!’ The puzzled Captain ordered the lead to be thrown, but before this could be done, the sentinel called out, ‘Ahoy, land ahead!’ The lead was then thrown, and in reference to it, the compiler, turning for confirmation to Captain Truxton’s sea journal (a copy of which, as a token of his high esteem, Captain Truxton had presented to Rebecca Jones), finds the following note:—‘Sunday, 23rd May, at

six o'clock sounded, got 42 fathoms water; shells and rotten brown stones; at seven made the land; take it for the start, bearing E.N.E., nine leagues distant, latitude observed  $49^{\circ} 45'$  north.'"

They landed at Gravesend, the 28th of the 5th month, in time to attend, at least, part of the Yearly Meeting. On the 3rd of the 7th month, 1784, George Dillwyn wrote to his sister Ann, from London, after an exercise of patience there: "Several little openings have occurred at different times, but nothing has so fixed as to make it proper to say much yet. In this respect I still esteem a strict attention and retention desirable, never having seen a premature disclosure of the King's secrets to be a means of increasing strength for service." On the 5th of the 7th month, he opened in the morning meeting of ministers and elders a prospect of going over to Holland; and, meeting with the concurrence and encouragement of friends, he embarked soon afterwards, Samuel Emlen being his companion, as he also was on a visit to the families of friends in London, in the winter of 1784-5. After a six months' visit to friends in Ireland, wherein they were accompanied, more or less, by Rebecca Jones, Samuel Emlen, and Sarah Robert Grubb, they returned to England, on the 20th of the 12th month, 1785; and in the following 2nd month, Rebecca Jones and George Dillwyn followed the remains of their late

dear fellow passenger, Thomas Ross, to the grave, he having died, after a lengthened illness, at the house of Lindley Murray, near York.

The following extract is from the *Journal* of Rebecca Jones, 25th of the 7th month, 1785:—

“Richard Shackleton and wife, George Dillwyn, and myself, engaged in a family visit to friends at Ballitore, etc. Began at Abraham Shackleton’s school, amongst about fifty boys, mostly not members of our Society. This was a time of great favour.” The compiler proceeds: “During this visit, which by a subsequent note we learn consisted of sixteen different sittings, Rebecca Jones was introduced into much discouragement. Her friend, Sarah Grubb, having engaged to meet her at Dublin, found herself detained to attend the monthly meeting at Warrington, and a meeting at Liverpool. She at length embarked in the ‘Hawke’ packet, and had a tedious and distressing voyage. Being compelled to put into the Isle of Man, she was detained there two nights; their provisions were entirely exhausted.

“Rebecca had received letters addressed to Sarah since her embarkation, and also tidings that she had actually sailed. Hence she was in great distress of mind, and brought very low; ready to conclude that, if through her means so dignified an instrument should be lost to the church, she must be under a delusion, and her vision



a mistaken one. On their way from Richard Shackleton's (accompanied by his wife) to visit some friends in the country, Rebecca Jones was riding in much depression. George Dillwyn being on horseback, rode up to the side of the carriage, and said: 'Be comforted, Rebecca, Sarah is safe on terra firma.' When they had reached the house to which they were bound, Rebecca Jones found a Bible in the window, and opening it, her eyes rested on 1 Kings xvii, 24. She said, 'George, art thou willing to be tried by this?' He replied, after a solemn pause, 'I am.' And she read aloud: 'Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.' It had been their design to remain that night in the country, but in consequence of George Dillwyn's firm impression, they returned towards Ballitore. Whilst they were on their way in the dark evening, they met an Irish car, bringing Sarah Grubb, who, having landed, was hastening to join them."

Although not in possession of the exact date, it was probably soon after George Dillwyn's return from Ireland, that he and his friend, Henry Tuke, were, with others, enabled to labour with much acceptance in a greatly needed work of reformation among friends in Edinburgh, where the discipline had fallen into a very low state, and was, at the time of the removal to that city of the valuable John Wigham, scarcely supported at all.

Sarah Dillwyn, writing to Margaret Morris, Higham Lodge, 4th month, 1787, alludes to London as a "sad heavy place for poor pilgrims to be in," adding, "though as Sarah Grubb once said of my George Dillwyn, 'He still appears to glide like a swan on the smooth waters of gospel purity, when his heart is heavy as lead.' The people seem to love George Dillwyn much, and he has been greatly favoured in his continual round of religious visits; but then he has been enabled to keep at the feet of humble Jesus. Will my own sister Morris excuse my staining so much paper on this subject? Thou used to love him, and surely, if he ever deserved thy near sympathy, he does now, having gone as it were to the bottom of Jordan, and brought a memorial up; but if we ever meet again, we may converse on many past proving scenes."

The incidental mention of George Dillwyn in various parts of the published correspondence of that devoted servant of Christ, Sarah Robert Grubb, may now and then furnish a little clue to the character of his engagements, and, at the same time, evince the spiritual union and Christian fellowship which they enjoyed while labouring together in the cause of their Divine Master.

In allusion to some engagements at Waterford—where she had rejoined her beloved friends, Rebecca Jones and George Dillwyn, "whose services in the course of this journey," had, she observes, been "instructive and

strengthening to my often doubting mind"—she further adds, "when through the descending of heavenly virtue, my spirit has been cemented with theirs, and in the unity and covenant of life an harmonious exercise has prevailed in me, either in public or in secret, I have had renewedly to admire the gracious condescension of our holy Head, and High Priest, in anointing in any degree for a work so great and awful, and leading into this excellent fellowship." Again, in another part she alludes to them as, "enabled to bring up living stones of memorial, to the sealing, I trust, of their testimony on the spirits of many; and my cup of affectionate fellowship seemed to overflow in secret."

In the year 1788, George Dillwyn, Sarah Grubb, and Mary Dudley, were united in religious service on the Continent of Europe, Sarah Dillwyn and Robert Grubb being their companions.

Sarah Grubb, writing to George Dillwyn, 3rd month, 1789, says, "If thou and I are really favoured with the precious evidence of gospel union, let us be tenacious of its purity; on thy part do not fail 'to exhort, and reprove with all authority,' even when the deceitfulness of my heart judges itself better than it is.

"What signifies that part in us which cannot inherit the kingdom? I cannot say that I am light-hearted, though it is comfortable to believe thy burdens decrease; nor do I wish to cast a gloom upon, and cloud that sky, which,

after much tempestuous weather, and a frequently oppressive atmosphere, may attract the strengthened sight to greater heights of clearness and purity, than in some seasons the nature of things would allow. I congratulate thee, as one not only beholding the vision, but gradually and effectually ascending the ladder which reaches from earth to heaven; on which, methinks, descending angels are sent to strengthen poor weary pilgrims. May I be thy companion, not so much for the sake of thy company, though that is truly pleasant, as for the glorious rest within the pearl gates, when the tribulated steps to it shall for ever cease? I believe I do not write so frequently to any one on this subject as to thyself, and I would not have thee think that my conversation is proportionably in heaven. These prospects animate the soul; but the discouragements and persecutions from that which is born of the flesh, seem as if they would drag every holy aspiration into the mire and the clay of the horrible pit."

In the 5th month, 1790, Sarah Grubb opened her concern at the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, for a visit to the European Continent, which, far beyond what she durst have looked for, created expressions of gospel unity, and church encouragement, that were not entirely unseasonable, feeling herself "as poor as seemed possible for spiritual existence." "But," she writes, "what also greatly contributed to lift up my head above the overflowing

billows, and say to the winds and the waves, 'Peace, be still,' was the indisputable evidence that the Master had separated for a similar work my beloved friend George Dillwyn, under which his oppressed mind was constrained publicly to acknowledge, to his own and others' relief, that he believed it to be his duty to go with us. How precious is that help which is dispensed in better wisdom than our own; and being the fruit of mercy, it is often reserved for the moment of extremity. It was a very solemn, uniting season; the Spirit and the Bride (the Church) appeared cordially to unite in the same language of encouragement. I greatly desire a heart capable of humbly and reverently returning acceptable obedience for these favours in the few feeble steppings through my future pilgrimage." (Their former valuable companion, Sarah Dillwyn, was also liberated to join them.)

On returning to London, the 27th of the 10th month, 1790, Sarah Grubb made a short visit to York, on her way home, and again, on the 24th of the 11th month, left Clonmel to attend the Quarterly Meeting at Cork, where, giving an humble account of her late mission, she was at the close of it taken ill, and on the 8th of the 12th month ceased to be numbered with the living; she was in the 35th year of her age.

George Dillwyn, writing to Rebecca Jones, concerning his late fellow-traveller, states that, "She closed the

relation which she gave to the Quarterly Meeting of Cork, of our mission to the Continent, with a declaration of her belief, that although *we* had done little, the *Lord* was doing much in the earth; concluding with these words, 'My day's work seems almost accomplished, and I shall adopt this language of Scripture, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."' The last expressions she was heard to utter (a little before her exit) were those of her dear Lord, 'My peace I leave with you.' Thus fell a valiant in the Church Militant, whose endowments and dedication are equalled by few of the present generation, and to whose memory, I believe, as general a tribute of tears has been paid, as to any person with whom I was ever acquainted."

Beautifully characteristic were also her words addressed to a friend four days before her decease: "My soul, though encompassed with the manifold infirmities of a very afflicted tabernacle, can feelingly worship and rejoice in nothing more than this, that the Lamb Immaculate is still redeeming, by his precious blood, out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, and making a glorious addition to the church triumphant, whose names will stand eternally recorded in the Lamb's book of life. I express not these things from a redundancy of heavenly virtue, but from the soul-sustaining evidence that, amidst all our weakness, and conflicts of flesh and spirit, an interest is

mercifully granted in Him who giveth the victory over death, hell, and the grave.”

Sarah Dillwyn, in a letter to Margaret Morris, 11th month, 10th, 1790, says :—“ I dare not flatter myself with seeing you so soon as Samuél Smith’s return, being so often disappointed, but hold myself in readiness. My sweetly endeared George Dillwyn is as devoted as ever to his good Master’s cause; and if he cannot be clear in going, I feel it *my duty not to desert him* in the rugged path of down hill. In our late journey I was more than ever confirmed in the above; he was sometimes so poorly, and spent, as to alarm me.”

Sarah Dillwyn writes to Margaret Morris from London, 3rd month, 1st, 1791 :—“ If we were at liberty to do as we would, we should, no doubt, soon turn our faces homeward. My poor George Dillwyn is in for it, and, cost what it will, he *must* keep to his guide. Indeed, everything but that is uncertain, and what we look to for happiness in any other way may greatly deceive us.”

In another letter from London, 5th month, 17th, 1791, Sarah Dillwyn writes :—“ Every meeting we attend seems as lively as the first, and the friends generally say that George Dillwyn’s work in this country is not over; and some frankly tell me they look upon him as their own, and hope he will not go back, believing him now in his

proper place. But I am not yet without a hope he will be released from service on this side the water. Indeed, a quiet, peaceful retreat looks very desirable, and your dear arms will be open to receive us, if it is in the Lord's time we go to you. This is all our precious George Dillwyn waits for, as you must be sensible it will be in the cross to his own will, if we do not return with Samuel Smith, who, it is probable, will clear out this summer."

"The above I hurried over three days ago, and have now the inexpressible satisfaction to inform thee that my George Dillwyn, with Samuel Smith, ventured to ask for clearances at the meeting for ministers and elders yesterday morning, and were not refused. As George Dillwyn says, all were broken into tenderness; for I believe few that have visited this country are more universally beloved, and it will be very hard at last to part with many friends, to whose hearts he seems knit in near unity. What a favour to part in so much love! I must confess I did not dare to look for such a move; but endeavoured to resign myself, let the event be what it would. The people's minds draw him towards them still so forcibly, that if he was not so near the close of life, I might expect he would return and finish his days with them. But I hope, when he once gets on shipboard, in the open seas, the sweet draught to our own America will be free from obstruction.



“I could not help thinking, in our late journey, that dear Sarah Grubb’s mantle was indeed thrown over my George Dillwyn, for he several times told me, that in meetings her spirit seemed to hover over him, and as if she were sitting by his side. I never knew him to be more favoured in testimonies and supplications. Oh, what a mercy to wind up in this manner! A crown, indeed, to his labours, which have been great. May my mind be bowed in deep thankfulness under a sense of it. The parting from his friends here will be a close trial. Our very dear love is to you all; and whether our meeting together be at a late or early period, may you be partakers of that peace which I humbly hope will be the portion of your own and ever affectionate,

“S. D.”

George Dillwyn, and his wife, and Samuel Smith, were fellow passengers across the Atlantic, in the “Pigou,” Captain Loxley. Rebecca Jones notes respecting them, under date 10th month, 14th, 1791, that she, with others, met them on the wharf at Philadelphia, and that it was a “joyously melting season;” adding, that for this favour she was truly thankful to the Father of Mercies.

George Dillwyn writes from Burlington, 29th of 6th month, 1792, as follows:—“The more I see of mankind, and the mazes of my own heart, the more I incline to unite with *a certain author* of my acquaintance in

thinking the 'world's all title page' (there's 'no contents'). Indeed, a really honest man is a character scarce as it is noble. Perhaps there are few, very few, if all their faults were shaken out of them, but would be reduced to mere skeletons, and become like fearful spectres to their quondam most intimate acquaintance. Some bear the character long on the smooth road of prosperity; but when they come to the fork at which either honesty or interest and reputation must be parted with, they are quite at default, if not quite thrown out."

From George Dillwyn, Austle, 3rd month, 28th, 1795, on hearing of dear John Pemberton's peaceful dismissal from trouble:—"The remembrance of him is still accompanied with tenderness, not altogether unmixed with a humble desire that, when our exercising pilgrimage is at an end, we too may join the innumerable company, which through many tribulations (little known and less understood by many here), have reached the heavenly mansions, and whose former murmurings at dispensations they could not comprehend, are now succeeded by the anthem, 'Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints.' "

According to a statement elsewhere, George Dillwyn returned to England in the spring of 1793.

Extract of a letter from William Savery, to Rebecca Jones, Amsterdam, 30th of 12th month, 1796:—"In the multitude of my heavenly Father's mercies, he gave me

as companions to Germany, my dear friends, G. and S. Dillwyn, D. Sands, and our W. Farrer, and B. Johnson; this thou mayest conceive, my sister, had an animating tendency, and was quite unlooked-for. I could not have chosen brethren with whom, as partners, I could venture my little stock more freely. George told me of thy hint in a letter to him, which he acknowledged hit the mark, as he had this journey on his mind before. G. and S. Dillwyn have continued longer at Pymont than the rest of us; I believe rightly so."

George Dillwyn was rich in brethren beloved in the Lord. "The God of all comfort comforted them in all their tribulations, and enabled them to comfort those who were in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith they themselves were comforted of God; and as the sufferings of Christ abounded in them, so did their consolations also abound in Christ." (2 Cor. i, 3, 4, 5.)

The following letter from Thomas Scattergood to the subject of this memoir, seems to have a proper place here, as a beautiful evidence of the above apostolic testimony: —

THOMAS SCATTERGOOD TO GEORGE DILLWYN.

"Tottenham, 7th month 14th, 1800.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND,

"Since thy letter was put into my hands at the close of the meeting this morning, I have been

looking it over again and again, musing, and pondering its contents; and the more I think of it, and of thee, my dear, feeling brother, the more I am induced to believe thou wast assisted with best help to pour a little oil into these wounds, that I have sometimes ventured to believe were made as by fetters of iron, for, on looking over the precious encouraging portion of Scripture thou sent, and turning my eyes to the margin, I there read, ‘His soul came into iron,’ and I gained instruction thereby. How I have longed, both in lonely places in the day time, and upon my bed in the night season, when almost every brook or stream of comfort was dried up, that the King immortal and everlastingly glorious might be pleased to loose my imprisoned spirit, and let me go free; therefore, to this little portion which thou sent me, with the greatest sincerity I can say, Amen! Thou art, I think, just right with respect to comparing, or bringing us back to youthful days. I was a *diver*, and thou and I have had our dips under the water together, since the day we met in this land. How singular, and yet how comfortable was it, on reading thy lines, to remember afresh the thoughts of my heart respecting thee within these few days past—they came up something after this manner; for I may assure thee, I have had a very deep plunge:—

“ ‘There is my friend and brother, George Dillwyn, who appears to be bearing me company, and seems like another Ezekiel; he has prepared his stuff, and has removed; he has had a singular life in this land, much like mine; he has returned again, and though settled as to appearance, and though I am separated from wife and children, etc.,

yet he appears like one bound as I am. I have seen him as a mark that has been shot at, and the archers have wounded him.' From thoughts like these my mind was brought into near fellowship with thee; was not this like diving under the water, and *touching*? Canst thou recollect that we can see one another under water, when we cannot speak? I have often wanted to say more to thee, but when with thee have been restrained. I was at Tottenham yesterday, and in both meetings favoured with enlargement in testimony. It seemed like a farewell service, and afforded much comfort and relief to my mind.

"And now I may conclude by assuring thee, that no part of thy precious letter was more sweet than the close, whereby thou felt liberty to own me as a brother in the sympathy and fellowship of the gospel; and as far as I dare venture in this my imprisoned state, I can dearly salute thee in a measure of the same.

"THOMAS SCATTERGOOD."

There may be more than a few in this land, whose hearts may glow in the retrospect of a past recognition of the writer of the foregoing letter, who was as an apostle unto them; while, to those who knew him not, an appreciation of his value may not be unsuitably enhanced by the record from a Philadelphia paper, of his lamented demise, in the 4th month, 1814, in the sixty-sixth year of his age:—  
"Another distinguished advocate in the cause of universal righteousness hath ceased to lift up his voice among the

sons of men—another spirit, through faith in the matchless and redeeming mercy of the Lord Almighty, hath been associated in the general assembly of the just, to join, no doubt, in everlasting anthems, with the sons of God. Thomas Scattergood, a minister in the religious Society of Friends, a man endeared to the community in which he resided, by the purity and humility of his life, by the disinterested and boundless benevolence of his heart, by ‘every good word and work,’ is no more! On the 24th instant, after an illness of four days, he was permitted to pass in tranquillity from time into eternity.”

The subject of this memoir possessed a talent of attracting the notice of his friends among whom he mingled, by the recital of facts and anecdotes, rivetting the attention of his hearers, and fastening upon their minds the experiences of others, whether in warnings from evil, or incitements to a faithful performance of duty, so that for many successive years his lively communications (see Eccles. xii, 9—11) were held in impressive remembrance, and they are quoted to this day. His extensive engagements in the work of the ministry, having greatly enlarged the circle of interested friends; he was even in his social character greatly beloved by many, both old and young.\*

\* Dr. Watts has said, “He that has the happy talent of parlour preaching, has sometimes done more for Christ and souls, in the space of a few minutes, than in the labour of many hours and days in the usual course of preaching in the pulpit.”

George Dillwyn's correspondence was also rich in evidence that the bent of his mind was to draw souls to Christ. The compiler has met with multiplied proofs of this, also of his trying to sooth and encourage parents who were under affliction ; his pen was found engaged to minister all the help he could to their circumstances. On one occasion he wrote, " When our dissuasives to improprieties fail, I do not know what better we can do than retire into our proper spheres, and wait the event, taking no more of the burden upon us than is really assigned to us in a dependance on Divine goodness. I suppose that I have already told thee the story of the widow ----- and her son, but as it now recurs, and thou mayest have forgotten it, I will venture it, as worthy of a second edition.

" -----, as thou mayest remember, was a wild chap, and his pious widowed mother had long afflicted herself about him in vain." Here the writer relates, that being in the city where she resided, in company with " worthy Thomas Ross," he was invited by Thomas to call at her house. On her seeing them enter she invited them in, when Thomas replied, " Not now, I have a message to thee," and in reply to her inquiry as to its nature, he said, " Resign thy son—farewell." This set her to thinking that she had advised, intreated, mourned, wept, and prayed, and done all she could for her son, but this one thing. To this she then addressed herself, and was so helped by the

more complete committal of the subject of her sorrow to the Divine care as to experience great relief, which was succeeded by the inexpressible comfort of his decided change of heart, and his consequent reconciliation to his friends.

“There now,” continues George Dillwyn, “*Vade et tu fac similiter*, if thou canst. ‘They who can’t stem tide, must wait till it turns.’”

In meetings for discipline, his remarks and exhortations were instructive and lively; there also he often impressed his counsel by referring to interesting facts. On the report of a breach of love in one meeting, he accompanied an exhortation to make an early attempt to heal the difference by the mention of two brothers at variance, one of whom being taken dangerously ill, the other attempted a reconciliation by placing himself in the way of an interview, when the returned message was, “Tell him, I desire not to see him,” and the poor man soon died. A solemn allusion followed as to the condition of him who had thus grievously brought upon himself so awful a responsibility.

A narrator of this circumstance from the lips of George Dillwyn acknowledged that he himself, having about that time a relation ill, who had manifested a strong prejudice against him, went to him with a desire of reconciliation, and was so cordially received, that both



parties had to rejoice, and the sick relative died in peace. The circumstance ever after afforded him satisfaction.

To bear out the importance of a prompt notice wherever disaffection manifests itself, George Dillwyn said, "In some parts of America the ants build large nests, plastering them on the outside with a kind of cement or mortar. A traveller finding one of these made a hole in it from curiosity, whereupon one of the inmates came out, to survey the injury, but soon returned. A noise was heard, and in a short time a large number came out of the nest, and began to repair the damage, which having accomplished, they returned to their dwelling." He recommended friends to imitate those insects, and as soon as anything appeared amiss in society, to unite in early and harmonious labour.

Sarah Dillwyn, writing to Margaret Morris from Amersham, England, 12th month, 10th, 1801, says:—"The call with which thy letter concludes, 'Come away, my own George and Sarah Dillwyn, and let us have one parting embrace,' was truly animating, and has several times revived with a hope that the time is not far off when, through the kindness of Him, to whom we desire to commit our steps, we shall be permitted to realize the pleasing prospect. But alas! how often have these affectionate *calls* been repeated, and how long must we have seemed to you like persons dull of hearing. George

Dillwyn says, they remind him of a wide ferry, at which he was detained on returning from Wales. The day was pretty far spent, and after landing, there would be some distance to ride; but the boat being on the opposite shore, where the tide had left it aground, no impatience of theirs could float it before the time. At length, however, the tide rose; but then the wind was unfavourable, and though they hoisted signal after signal, the boatmen still delayed setting off. Thus were George Dillwyn and companions left for hours; but finding it in vain to be urgent, they gave the point up, supposing they must stay at the ferry all night, and then the wind changed, the boat soon arrived, over they went, and reached their stage before dark. Now, if thou canst make anything favourable to our mutual wishes of this occurrence, do so, and let us all wait patiently for wind and tide, for when these are fair, and undoubted direction is vouchsafed, thou may rest assured, that it must be something more than a dislike to the great ferry between us, though that is rather formidable to poor George Dillwyn, that will detain us from you."

George Dillwyn, to his sister-in-law, Sarah Dillwyn, before leaving England in 1802 (his brother William Dillwyn being then in Wales, thus preventing an interview):—"This," he says, "is not very material, as I have no business with him, but what may be settled

by letter—no misunderstanding between us requires an interchange of forgiveness. This consideration tenders me while I write, and reconciles me to our circumstance.”

Having given such materials, however brief, as may help to revive the remembrance of the esteemed subject of whom these pages treat—a few particulars of his later days will follow, with first a summary reference to his extensive labours in the gospel, not only in his own country but also in Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, Germany, and the South of France, together with a few extracts from letters. His first visit to Europe occupied about seven years. He then returned to his native land for two years, and in the spring of 1793, being accompanied by his wife, he again proceeded for Great Britain, (crossing the ocean without a single storm), where he continued for nine years, labouring as he was favoured with ability, for the good of the churches, until, in 1802 he finally quitted Europe, and again settled at Burlington in New Jersey, North America, remaining there until the close of his long and devoted life.

Having been as a faithful servant diligent in the morning and meridian of the day, he was permitted to pass its declining period much in retirement, seldom going from home, except on short journeys. His daily conduct evinced a desire to live under the influence of the Spirit

of Christ, and when he made little calls amongst his neighbours, after having cheered and brightened the social scene, for which he had a special talent, by his pleasant converse, such was his sense of the value of retirement and his desire for the good of others, that on these occasions he was not unfrequently drawn into silent travail and vocal expression.

Deep and affectionate was his Christian sympathy, close and searching were his gospel labours, while in tenderness, forbearance, and charity for those who were young and inexperienced, he cautiously avoided attaching them to any object short of their Divine Master, often dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the meekness and lowliness of the Saviour of men, which he thought was not sufficiently kept in view. He bore a faithful and exemplary testimony to the duty of the diligent attendance of religious meetings, with the different branches of his family, saying that he did not find his meetings did him much good, if he left any one in his service unnecessarily at home, and though of a lively disposition, his solemnity in sitting in them will live long in the remembrance of those who witnessed it.

Being favoured with a good constitution, and a mind thus regulated, he did not suffer common discouragements to prevent the observance of what he considered his daily duties, though he suffered much from vertigo, which

subjected him to little casualties in walking. At one time, being confined a few weeks by lameness, he was asked by a friend who called to see him, how he was, when he pleasantly queried, "Have you not had a good meeting this morning?" and being answered in the affirmative, he added, "Well, I find that those who go to meeting when they can, may go when they cannot;" he having been that morning evidently refreshed by communion of spirit with those assembled.

A widow upon whom his calls of sympathy were frequent, quoted the following lines of Cowley as remarkably in unison with her estimate of him:—

"Nor can the snow which now old age does shed  
Upon thy reverend head,  
Quench or allay the noble fires within;  
For all that thou hast been,  
And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet;  
So fully still dost thou  
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,  
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too;  
So contraries on Etna's top conspire,  
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.  
A peace serene the faithful neighbours keep,  
The emboldened snow next to the flame does sleep;  
And if we weigh like thee,  
Nature and causes, we shall see  
That thus it needs must be,  
To things immortal, time can do no wrong,  
And that which never is to die,  
For ever must be young."

George Dillwyn to William Dillwyn, Burlington, 3rd month, 1st, 1808 :—" As to thy elder brother," (etc., etc.) "he goes but little from home, and even then hies back with all convenient despatch, regardless of the surmises and reproaches which sometimes follow him. If in this he is blameworthy, it is not improbable that thou hast in some degree contributed to it, for I think I heard thee say, or that thou saidst on his retreat from your shores, that thou looked upon him as 'a pensioner retiring to Chelsea on good beef and cabbage.' Indeed, he is graciously provided for; and if he is not grateful for it, he certainly deserves to be reduced to half-allowance."

George Dillwyn to John Kendall, 9th month, 3rd, 1808 (in allusion to him and others, with whom he had been joined in active service):—" The baptisms such necessarily undergo together naturally leave them as epistles on each other's minds, recurred to with pleasing sensations, and mutual well-wishing. So that the advantage gained in this way is peculiar, and does not depend on outward circumstances; being 'baptized into the one body, they drink together into one spirit, whether absent or present.' "

George Dillwyn to William Dillwyn, Burlington, 4th of 6th month, 1811 :—" When at New York, we visited the Lancasterian School, consisting of about 500 children, and were much gratified by the sight, which was even more

interesting than I had expected, though my ideas of it, as I had thought, had been high enough. The master appears to be well qualified for his business, and his heart to be much in it. I told him at parting, that though it was arduous, if he felt in prosecuting it as I had in viewing the school, his pay must be very enriching. It was the first visit I had made to schools of that kind, and I do not remember that on any like occasion my mind was ever more tenderly affected."

George Dillwyn to William Dillwyn, Burlington, 4th of 8th month, 1812:—"Thy account of several of our old friend John Gurney's daughters, and one of Robert Barclay's daughters, showing signs that they credit the much-slighted report of there really being a better world than this, is very pleasing. May their sacrifices be blest, and their example influential. It is not a time for trifling; well is it to them to whom the worst that can happen will be good."

George Dillwyn to William Dillwyn, 17th of 11th month, 1812:—"Some pious parents, to keep a hold on their children, wink at many wrong things; and this brings the reality of their objections into question, as if these were made only to save appearances. The consequence is, that if the children are provided with wings, the pack-thread soon snaps, and away they go. I cannot remember that our very precious mother ever left me room to suppose that

my foolish extravagancies pleased her; on the contrary, she frequently intimated how grateful to her an alteration would be, and left the burthen upon me."

George Dillwyn to William Dillwyn, Burlington, 13th of 3rd month, 1815. [The Tenth Report of the Bible Society is referred to, as containing affecting details connected with the late continental war.] "It may show us from what a gulf of distress our country has been mercifully preserved, or rather snatched. While the ruthless fiend is yet at a distance, and we do not exactly feel its claws, we hear of his ravages without dismay, and even as he approaches busy ourselves with a hope, that wherever he may go, he will be diverted from us, or tire himself out before he reaches our door. But this dreadful description may convince us that between a state of quiet and confusion, plenty and famine, there is often but a day's march. In reading it, with an account of your benevolent exertions for the relief of the sufferers, I could not but hope and desire that 'the blessing of Him that was ready to perish' might come upon you, and your alms be as a memorial at the footstool of mercy, commending you, as a nation, to the favour and protection of God."

George Dillwyn to William Dillwyn, Burlington, 19th of 8th month, 1816, observes in reference to the discipline, and to the query, "Is there any growth in the truth?" that "it seems designed rather to excite an appeal to the



unflattering witness in the minds of individuals, than to be answered by, or on behalf of mixed companies, where the most shallow in experience are most likely to conceit that 'all's well.' The deep wader seldom rises so high in hope of his own condition as to be able to judge how far others are on the increase or decline, and if such cannot answer the question clearly, what can be expected from the mere formalist? For benevolent establishments I think old England stands higher in the scale than any nation I have ever heard or read of; and I cannot but hope and desire her pious exertions may commend her to Divine favour, which is a stronger bulwark, and more worthy of confidence, than all her fleets and armies."

In the summer of 1816 George Dillwyn's affectionate heart was put to a severe test by the departure for England, on a visit to her beloved father, of his dear niece, Susanna Emlen, who with her husband, Samuel Emlen, and Sarah Sharpless, remained there for two years, returning in the summer of 1818. He feared that his tenderly attached niece, upon whom he had looked to fulfil the claims of declining age, would never again enliven the scene she had so often cheered; but, alas! though thus permitted to re-mingle with many loved ones, it was only for a season, which mostly embraced deep bodily suffering; and at length, in the 11th month, 1819, her said uncle formed

part of the circle who surrounded her dying bed. At the grave he emphatically exclaimed, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Thus, as shown by the foregoing, to the very borders of the grave, this beloved disciple was largely subject to the refining process of affliction; his entrance to the kingdom was "through many tribulations"; and well may he who ponders gravely upon the process, dwell upon the weighty import of the words, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (1 Pet. iv, 18.) George Dillwyn could not remember that there was ever a quarter of an hour's interruption to harmony with the precious one over whose loss he mourned. He would, in his letters, not only indicate the anguish of his mind in the called-for surrender of his niece, but beautifully exhibit the features of her Christian character manifested through her life, and last, and long illness. There were many who mingled their tears with him. Not the least participant in the grief was their neighbour Elias Boudinot, the aged President of the American Bible Society. He left his home only once for four years, and that was to make her a visit, and when her remains were interred he was lifted into his carriage to follow them to the gate of the burial ground, and there sat until the company returned; writing ere the evening closed to the desolate husband, reminding him that "Jesus

wept" at the death of his beloved Lazarus. "Is (he continued) a dear friend so beloved and united to us that the separation is like tearing the soul from the body? yet such a friend is dearer to the Saviour, and he has a sovereign right to call her home, to perfect his praise, whenever he sees best. Shall we not, then, my dear friend, mingle our tears together, and mourn our loss? But can we mourn to excess when we know, and assuredly believe, that our beloved friend is not only delivered from the excruciating pains and sorrows of this life, but that she has entered into the joy of her Lord—that she is near and like her God—and that, though absent from the body, she is present with her Lord? Thus is the prayer of Christ verified when he requested of the Father that his people might be with him where he is, that they may behold his glory. The Christian, we are told by the apostle, is not left to 'the mount that might be touched,' and expose him to immediate destruction,) 'and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest'; but the redeemed soul 'has come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh

better things than that of Abel.' This, then, is the happy condition of our dear departed friend, instead of a life of pain and distress. Who would wish her back?"

On the 3rd of 2nd month, 1820, the roads being covered with ice and sleet, so as to render walking very dangerous, George Dillwyn sat out towards the Meeting House, having declined riding, though a carriage was near at hand; but he had proceeded only a few paces from his own door, when, in crossing the street, he fell. On rising, he again fell very heavily; and the carriage being in waiting, he was lifted up, placed on the hinder part of it outside, and thus, supported by watchful attendants, was conveyed back to the house under extreme suffering.

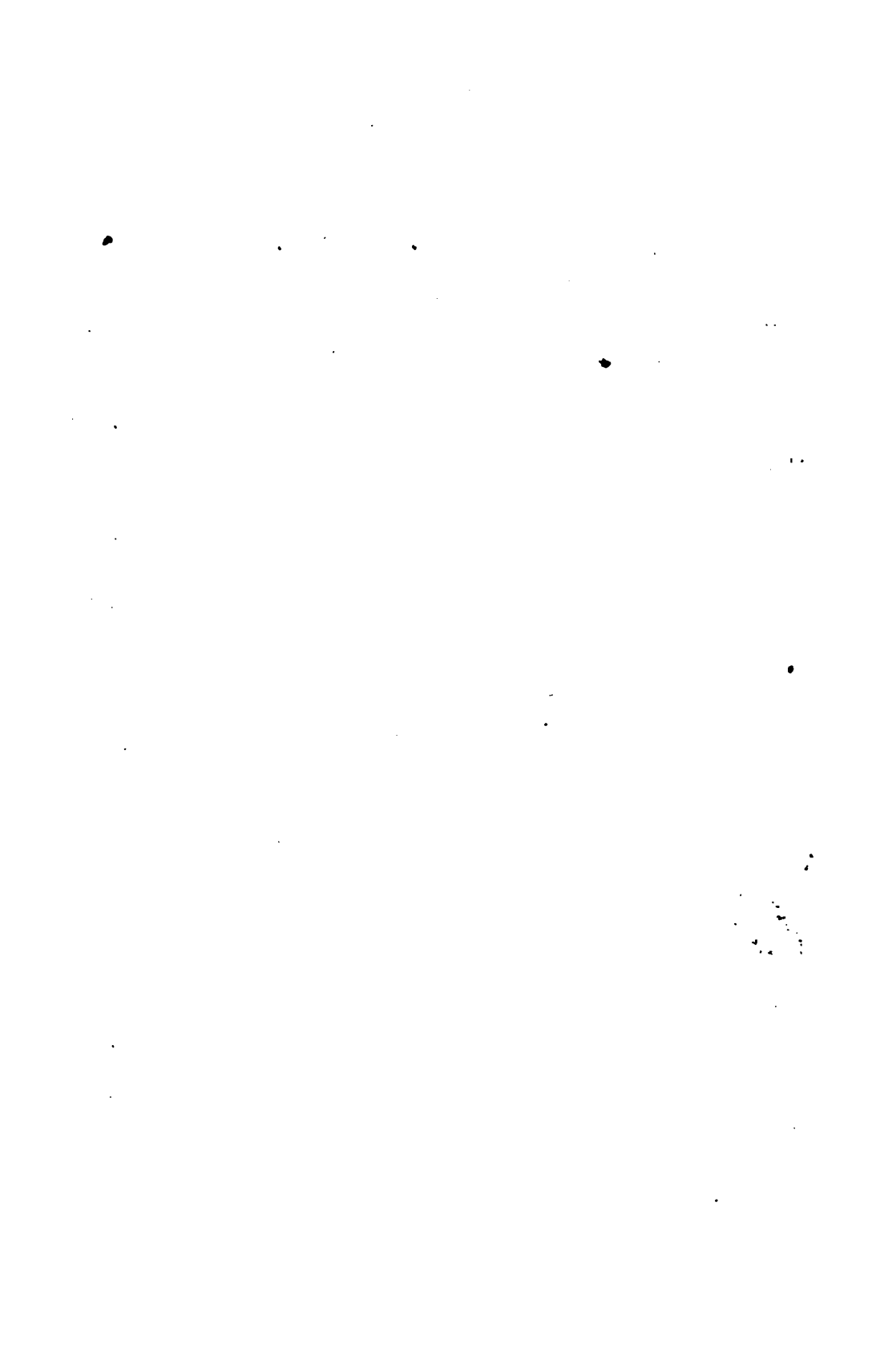
It was soon obvious that the hip bone was either dislocated or materially injured. And after his death it was ascertained that "the head, or ball of the thigh bone, was fractured rather obliquely; and in addition to this, in the socket which receives the head of the bone, there was a fissure extending across it." A loss of appetite soon awakened apprehensions concerning his recovery. It was once attempted to gain relief for him by engaging a practitioner from a distance, who, resorting to extreme expedients, he refused to become subject to a repetition of them.

Having, with but few exceptions, enjoyed a fine and healthy constitution, this sudden change of circumstance was, no doubt, more keenly felt, and more easily operated

in the depression of his animal spirits. Those, especially, who have been little called to the endurance of bodily pain, cannot, it may be believed, fully judge of what such a lengthened amount of it must occasion to one who, at so advanced in age, could often only remain in bed part of the night, changing a recumbent for a sitting position, nor need any marvel that the whole dispensation was to him an exercise of faith and patience.

In this extremity he was suffered to droop under the apprehension of undue presumption in not having availed himself of the offered opportunity to ride to meeting, and for a considerable time, while unavailing efforts were made for his relief, his mind was in deep conflict, so that he was unable to bear much company. To the few who were admitted, his apartment was, however, even then a place of deep instruction.

At one time he said that he was tempted and tried beyond what he had ever before known, yet he was concerned to wait in deep self-abasement, and in patience, until light should arise in his dwelling, and ability be afforded to discover the designs of an unerring Providence. He was at length enabled to acknowledge that though he did not abound, yet he seldom passed a day without some evidence of good. He was frequently led to minister to individuals who visited him, in the clearness and authority of the gospel, evincing an acquaintance with the human





PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. D. A., IPSWICH,

THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE AT BURLINGTON.

FROM A SKETCH BY J. COLLINS.







heart, and expressing a belief in the necessity of a thorough search into its avenues to discover those dispositions which would covet the honours and applause of men. One time he remarked, "We are too apt to be seeking the respect and attention one of another, and if we are disappointed, we go to smiting our fellow creatures, and to eating and drinking with the drunken. Ah! this won't do; we must be purified, we must be refined," very forcibly urging the need of an increase of real humility.

He often spoke also with much feeling and interest of our public religious assemblies, and sometimes would request to be placed, through the aid of a moving chair, in a situation where he could see Friends enter the Meeting House gate, saying, "It is a comely sight," and remarked that seeing his neighbours going to their respective places of worship had done him more good than all the medicine he had taken.

At times, too, when little companies of Friends met in his room after seasons of great mental privation, rendered more distressing by almost incessant pain in the afflicted limb, such was the sense of Divine love extended, that his voice was raised in strains of harmony and sweetness, even beyond what had been usual. On one occasion he expressed his sense of the *then* present state of the church, and the need of its members to be more thoroughly baptized for the work of the day,

through deep indwelling and self-abasement. His belief was that a time of close trial was approaching, when our religious Society would be sifted, even those of the foremost rank, and when it would be proved individually on whose side we are; yet he also believed that he saw in the light that had never deceived him, that those who stood firm on the right foundation would yet see a brighter day.

Such were the dispensations alternately meted in the course of about five months of much bodily suffering, through which the Christian character shone with increasing brightness; and though there were moments when, with a cheerfulness and urbanity so peculiar to him, he would animate the countenances and minds of his friends, yet deep exercise and baptism was the general clothing of his spirit. Within the last two or three weeks he said, "There is a comfort over which disease has no power;" and after a favoured opportunity in religious retirement hopefully remarked, "Now I am prepared to adopt the language, 'Lo! the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'"

A sympathizing friend sitting by him, expressing her belief "that when he entered the chariot, some Elisha would be prepared to receive his mantle," he was

evidently comforted, and affectionately pressing her hand, repeated the words of the Psalmist: "The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts my King and my God," adding, "I should like thee to turn to the chapter and read it; it has been much on my mind."

It was imagined by some that he purposely avoided much expression of his religious feelings, lest one of those "paper tombstones," as he used to call them when in health, and to which he had so great an objection, should be erected to his memory. But though "he walked silently along the shore of eternity," and very little passed which would be deemed rich in manifestation of holy triumph or joyfulness in his assured acceptance "in the Beloved," it is nevertheless believed, that, if a faithful description of his last days could be given, it would exhibit a not less instructive evidence of Christian experience, than if much had fallen from his lips. The dense veil of humility which clothed his character allowed him to assume nothing to himself, and after a life of faith, devoted to the service of his Maker, he, like other able scholars in Christ's school, bore witness to the truth that "the Divine mercy is all that any of us will have to trust in at the last."

"I cannot," observed one who was permitted to sit beside him in the morning of the 20th of the 6th month,

“forget his parting expressions to me, which I considered as his legacy to me. They were uttered with the meekness and simplicity of a little child, as if he were but just beginning the work—“I am endeavouring to learn the lesson of parting with all.”

A respectable shopkeeper in Burlington, said that a poor man came to him a short time before his death, to borrow thirty dollars; he told him he could not lend it to him, and the man went away; but some time after he returned, and said he had applied to Mr. Dillwyn, who said “he was very ill, and not likely to live many days; that he did not lend, but would give him that sum.” The writer adds, that “his benevolence was so well known, as to subject him to many applications, in some of which he was often much imposed upon.”

Though he did not appear to be declining so rapidly as the event proved, several of his friends recollect his last farewell of them as more than usually impressive. His countenance, showing the frame of his mind, was very placid and sweet, without any appearance of disease. A few days before the close, being in great debility from excessive pain, he was attacked with cholera morbus, and was entirely confined to his bed, requiring very frequent changes of position, and the conflict of his mind being renewed, he often desired to be kept quiet, and appeared to be engaged in secret intercession, several times expressing,

with great fervour, "Oh Lord, have mercy, have mercy, on us all"; thus showing where his hopes were.

Notwithstanding these close conflicts of mind and body, an angelic sweetness often beamed on his countenance. He told a friend who called upon him, that "he had now no confidence in the flesh." Speaking several times of his approaching death, and evincing much tenderness for his beloved wife, he thus addressed her: "My dear, I have good news for thee, there is a mansion prepared for thee and for me."

In the course of the last night, whilst suffering great pain, he said, "Let us wait for the morning." After daylight he was more quiet, and less sensible of pain, or distress of any kind. In the afternoon, while appearing to repose with the ease and sweetness of a child, soon after three o'clock on the 23rd of the 6th month, 1820, the immortal spirit fled. There was no apparent emotion, except a movement of those lips which had lately been employed in acknowledging himself as a monument of Divine mercy.

His remains were interred in the Friends' burial ground at Burlington, before the usual morning meeting, on first day, the 25th of the 6th month, 1820; amidst a numerous assemblage of friends and neighbours, the deceased having

left express directions that no invitations should be given out of the pale of his own family connections.

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LINES WRITTEN BY GEORGE DILLWYN.

Light and trivial are the sorrows  
Which we have to combat here,  
When, in prospect fair before us,  
Super-sensual joys appear.

But how heavy weighs affliction  
On the weak though willing mind;  
While through night's intense confliction,  
It no foot-hold firm can find.

All its patience seems to wear out;  
Hours in lingering moments pass;  
Stop, it cannot—step, it dare not:  
All its language is—Alas!

Yet in faith it hopes a crisis,  
This to deep submission leads;  
Till at length the light arises,  
And the song of joy succeeds.

Thus it fares with the believer;  
Thus the heavenly warfare goes;  
Christ his Strength, his Way, and Leader,  
Through conflict sore, to sweet repose.

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## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, ETC.

The following are detached sentences from letters written from 1773 to 1780, addressed to one at a considerable distance:—

“But worldly prosperity, a bait so tempting, so gilded over with the plaudit of all, even the religious, how shall it be so exposed as to render it an object of fear? Many, very many, who have undergone persecutions without offence—deep distress of mind without sinking into despondency, and trials of great outward stripping without murmuring (great attainments, indeed)—even these, when proved with success in worldly engagements, how have they bowed to the idols of gold and silver, and how has the subtle enemy worked upon their minds, and even led them to imagine, notwithstanding their affections are so manifestly engrossed thereby, that they are tokens of Divine regard and approbation. The adulation and homage which riches ever attract are considered as confessions to their superior merit, and stimulate them to exercise lordship, in the pride of worldly wisdom, over the unresisting and suffering flock of Christ. Nay, as such take the lead in all societies, and are the means of bringing them into distinction and reputation among men, thousands are so blinded by the god of this world as to suppose the spiritual



welfare of a religious society is increasing with its temporal and external credit; and thus they adopt, in fact, the language of the idolatrous Israelites to their golden calf, 'These be thy gods, O Israel, that brought thee forth from the land of Egypt.' "

"Oh! may we so mind the compass of directing wisdom in the steerage of our little barks through the ocean of life, as ever to point the right way, and at last to land upon that safe and silent shore,

'Where tempests rage and billows roll no more.'

"Alas! what do we see in this world that can warrant our usual attachment to it! How often does perplexity attend, and disappointment terminate, its most promising prospects and pursuits. Was the merchant so plainly and continually deceived by any of his customers, as we are by its fair proffers, it would be esteemed a species of madness in him to trust them further; but, with respect to the world, how wide is our resolution from this: what does the language of our lives, in many instances, so strongly express as a desire to be further perplexed and deceived, till at length—sometimes suddenly, sometimes more gradually, yet always certainly—a total bankruptcy ensues? *Death*, that un pitying bailiff, ends the delusive toil, and commits his lawful prisoner to the scanty confines of a six-foot

room, which is all the accommodation left us of the extensive possessions we have grasped at."

"We are at a loss to know whether thou hast engaged in business or not, but suppose it likely, from what thy former letters intimate. Do, dear ——, keep within the bounds of moderation in that respect; a life of hurry is a life of perplexity, in which the great things of futurity are often totally forgotten, though every day brings us nearer and nearer to them. If thou art in earnest to let these have the preference their superior importance deserves, thou wilt welcome every caution against the admission of trifles into their place, which wisdom can suggest and love dictate; for, with all our care, the momentary enjoyments and possessions of this delusive scene will occupy full as much room in our minds and affections as they ought. I do not write this from any suspicion that my dear —— stands more exposed to the common snare than others, or more in need of the hint than myself, but as I am never happier in the good things of this life than when my affections are fixed on the great after-scene, and there are no sublunary possessions that are in their nature substantial and permanent, I sincerely wish for myself, and for those I love, that we may be enabled to live loose from them, that if a dispensation comparable to a whirlwind should strip us of them, they may be

parted from us without rending. This I know can only be, when, as Dr. Young says of the good man, 'one hand has fastened on the skies'; then, in the prospect of transcendant glory, he indeed 'May bid earth reel, nor feel the idle whirl.'"

THE END.

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